THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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A POEM FROM BIBLE TEXTS.

The following poem, formed from different Bible texts, is worth preserving:

Cling to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix: 19
Cling in thy grief;	Heb, xii: 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. vii: 11.
He gives relief;	Ps. cxvi: 6.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi: 5
Cling in thy pain:	Ps. iv: 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	I Thess., v: 25.
He will sustain.	Ps. iv: 24.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii: 25.
Cling to thy woe;	Ps. lxxxvi: 7.
Cling to the Living One,	1 John iv: 16.
Through all below;	Rom. vii: 38-39.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	John xiv: 27.
He speaketh peace:	John xiv: 23.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv: 25.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxvii: 27.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John ii: 27.
Cling to His side;	John xx: 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi: 9.
In Him abide;	John xv: 4
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii: 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus ii: 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvii: 1
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi: 11

Outdoor Parlors.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

When I see a house in process of building without a liberal allowance of piazzas, I resent it almost as a personal injury, although there may be no reasonable probability that I shall ever sit under that man's vine or fig-tree. The vine, especially, would be altogether figurative without the material support of a veranda. As good a rule would be, in building first make your piazza, then attach a house to it.

The in-door parlor is sure to be provided with the usual amount of sofas and draperies; but the outdoor is too often like a rent—the accident of a day. "Shall we run out a railing here and a few steps, and have a veranda?" asks Paterfamilias, in a dubious sort of a way, and his wife usually assents, for she does not dislike the idea; although she would sooner part with this appendage than give up the valuable inclosure at the back of the kitchen, which is so particularly handy as a sort of storehouse, and a place for the doing of odd jobs.

The enthusiasm comes from the girls who know the value of a front piazza with a thick green curtain of honeysuckles and wisteria, making a shady retreat through the long June days and the torrid August noons—fragrant, like carefully kept linen, with delicious country smells—clover and fresh hay, in place of lavender and rose-leaves—strong distilled sweetness of woodbine, faint whiffs of clematis and roses.

And when the moonlight comes and traces a lattice-work of leaves on the piazza floor, and touches with lambent light each spray and corner,

"Making earth's commonest things appear
All romantic, poetic and tender,"

the outdoor parlor is in its glory. It is the most delightful, dreamy lounging-place, where the honeysuckle perfumes the air, and the steps are frequently occupied by half-visitors who could scarcely nerve themselves up to the formula of a regular call. How charming is its twilight darkness to a class of people who do most of their conversation in whipers, and who are seldom characterized as great talkers—who look upon the brightness of the in-door parlor and its animated groups without any feelings of envy, assured that whatever good times there are in the world they are having 'em! What would lovers do if there were no piazzas?

Some piazzas are simply an exasperation; so narrow that the steps rudely crowd the front door, instead of keeping their distance, as they should do, and only crossing the front of the house. This is a mistake; there should be at least two sides to a veranda, to allow of one corner, and three if possible; while it should certainly measure four yards in width. We are speaking now of the piazza for a moderate house—moderate in every way. Hudson river castles, and similar mansions elsewhere, have their full complement of generous verandas; it is the middle-class houses that suffer.

We recall one of these mansions, with its magnificent piazza, on which many hours have been spent; the delicate trellis-work forming Moorish arches, each of which framed an exquisite picture in living green. When flooded with moonlight, the place took on a tone of superhuman beauty. There were many accessories, too, on that piazza—things out of the common way; and selected with an artistic idea of coloring. Hanging-baskets were suspended from every point of the arches, and their tangled vines were masses of verdure and blossoms; while rustic stands filled with plants stood, not in the way of promenaders, but well back against the house. Scarlet cushions on backs and seats made the bamboo chairs luxurious, and a pile of Moorish cushions in one corner arrested the eye and fascinated the sense. They must have been stuffed with poppies to account for their sleep-charming powers; while the arabesque embroidery on a scarlet ground which adorned them, and the rug spread out below, were a most successful imitation of Moorish splendor.

This curious couch, on which one half sat and half reclined, was quite in demand among the inmates and visitors on those intolerable nights, which are not at all like angels' visits, between the 20th of June and the 20th of August; and the hostess would amiably wish that she had six Moorish beds instead of one. But a single duplicate of the novelty would have spoiled the effect, so far as appearances went.

As a general thing, the furniture of our outdoor parlors does not receive sufficient consideration; it is either not picturesque, or it is uncomfortable. A rustic chair, unCushioned, is to a certain extent, picturesque on a piazza, but it is not comfortable; while a bamboo settee is neither one nor the other. Camp-chairs with gay-colored seats are very desirable, if the color and design are good; and two or three cushions in a corner will make a very good substitue for the Moorish pile. A bright-colored afghan thrown over the pile, or on the end of the settee, adds much to the effect. In fact, anything that makes a good contrast with green is desirable on the piazza. Prettiest of all is to see a child asleep on a gay-colored rug, watched by a Newfoundland dog.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Some farmers object to planting the artichoke, even for a trial, because of the tenacity with which they cling to the soil. By allowing in June, or at any time before the new tuber forms, the artichoke is as easily [illegible] the potato.

Barbara Fritchie's True Story.

It was to her own troops that Barbara waved the flag, inspiring them on a march that involved some of the most intense suffering of the war. The days were oppressive, the roads sunny and full of dust, and any moment might bring the contending forces face to face. It was the day before the South Mountain battle. South Mountain lies twelve miles west of Frederick, and to this point General Reno, under Burnside, was pressing when he passed Dame Barbara's door.

"They were passing all day," Mrs. H. went on to say, "but in the morning I said to my daughter, Julia, there are so many soldiers around, go across the bridge; and bring Aunt over; she is alone and may feel afraid."

"And did you bring her back?" said I.

"Oh, no" laughed Julia, "Aunt Fritchie was standing at the window, nodding and smiling to the troops, who were gathered all about her, and when I came she said, 'Child, hand me my flag; you'll find it in my Bible!'"

In between the pages that Barbara read laily the "silken scarf" was folded, a little flag of twisted silk, not two feet long. It was not on a staff, so Barbara waved it like a handkerchief. The throng increased, the men would not move on, but breaking ranks, were crowding around her with, "Why mother, how are you?" "Hurrah for 76!" "Let's shake hands, grandmother," etc. At this moment General Reno came up at the head of his brigade; the picture met his eye; the crowded artillery, the banners, horses, swords, muskets and men, and in the midst, the veritable "old gray head," with its smooth white cap, the folded muslin over the breast, now beating with young heart throbs, the bent figure in the black gown. He reined his horse before her. "And how old is grandmother?" he said. Some one replied, "Ninety-Six." "Ninety-Six!" Halt! Three cheers for the loyal old grandmother! A shout went up that had some sound in it; the General dismounted, entered the little house with one of his aids, shook hands with Barbara, was seated, and in few minutes the old lady was pouring him out a glass of wine of her own making. Good-bye was spoken and the troops passed on; but nearly all that day the aged figure could be seen cheering the passing soldiers by her enthusiasm. The next day came the word, "A flower on the Union side has fallen. The brave Reno, respected by both sides alike, was killed at South Mountain, in an engagement whose details of fierce contest will never be fully known.

"The next day," Mrs. H—— continued, 'we were over at aunt's and went into the garden to attend to the flowers, charging her not to open the door if any one rapped while we were down there, for the town was full of strangers. When we returned to the parlor, she met us quivering with excitement. 'I couldn't help it, he would have it. I didn't want to give it, but he was a gentleman,' said she, 'he had things on his shoulders and wore a gold watch and chain. It was hard to draw from the old lady that she had responded at once to the tap on upon the door. Then an officer entered and pleaded so persistently for the little cotton flag she had then about her, that the old woman gave way. 'He would have it, but it wasn't the one,' she said appealingly."

In passing to and from her house to her niece's Barbara would often find her steps thronged by soldiers, for a clear spring bubbled up just opposite her house, by the creek, refreshing many, both of the blue and the gray; if it chanced to be her "own soldiers" her tumblers and dipper were freely given, but if it happened that an array of gray uniforms were there, her staff would stir in among them as though they were dead leaves, and they would scatter in every direction, amused at the way she addressed them in language not at all disguised by superfluous rhetorical finish.

Whittier's First Poem.

We have before us, says the Portland, (Me.) *Transcript*, in Mr. Whittier's handwriting, the first poem of his that was ever published. In 1856, when he was in his nineteenth year, he left it under the door of the office of the Free Press, a weekly paper published by William Lloyd Garrison in Newburyport. Garrison had just attained his majority, and this paper was his first attempt at journalism. It was many weeks after young Whittier left his manuscript to its fate before he heard from it. He was then working on his father's rocky farm, in Haverhill, and his father was a patron of the Free Press. Week by week the paper arrived, and the heart of the young poet sunk within him as he looked in vain for his verses.

One day he was at work with his Uncle Moses repairing the stone fence by the highway, he going along on the outside replacing the stones knocked from the wall by sheep that had scrambled over it. While so engaged the postman came along on horseback, and to save going to the house he tossed the paper to young Whittier. It was opened with trembling fingers. The surprise of finding his poem at the head of the "corner" was so bewildering that he was dazed by it, and is sure he did not read a word. At length his uncle called him to his senses by bidding him keep to work. No success in future years has ever stirred such a tumult of emotion, as may well be believed.

Garrison was so impressed with his contributor's work that he sought him out, coming up to Haverhill on horseback to interview him. When Garrison called, young Whittier was at work in the field. He was told a gentleman was in the house inquiring for him. Nobody had ever called for him before, and he felt like running away. But he got into the house by the back door, "slicked up," and soon stood in the presence of the young editor, who encouraged him to make good use of the talent he had displayed. Whittier's father came in during the interview, and begged Garrison not to put such notions into the head of his son. But it was too late; the damage was done! This was the first meeting of the two men, afterwards so intimately associated in anti-slavery work.

The New York *Times* goes for the boy-preachers in a lively manner. It queries. "What can a boy possibly have to teach an audience of men and women?" and adds that the boy-preacher knows nothing about theology, and his interpretations of the Bible are as worthless as the colored man Jasper's crude notions of astronomy.

Gems of Thought.

Misfortunes come to man through excessive love of self. He misjudges things just, good, and beautiful, through thinking he ought always to honor what belongs to himself in preference to truth.—[Plato.

By one's self is evil done, by one's self one suffers. By one's self evil is left undone, and one's self one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to one's self; no one can purify another.—[Buddhist Scripture.

Rejoice not when thy enemy faileth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth. A benevolent eye, humility of spirit, and a mind free from pride characterize the true disciples of Abraham.—[Jewish Talmud.

When you have learned how to live well, you will know how to die well. Be not sorry if men do not know you, but be sorry if you are ignorant of men. Not to correct your faults is to commit new ones. —[Confucius.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer's noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music.—[Lamb.

The old in religion dies out, the old error, the old dispensation, the old superstition, but not the old religion. This is forever new and forever fresh. For this there is no decline, no decay; for it is the life of God in the soul.—[Orville Dewey.

Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth, lulls his age with the milder business of saving it.—[Johnson.

Faith gratefully and reverently acknowledges and uses the past, but she sets her face toward the future. The outward form of truths held sacred by good men is destined to be remodeled by the progress of knowledge; yet in their deeper essence there is a spirit which will move energetically with the development of all that is most precious and glorious in man.—[W. F. Newman.

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself, and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit.—[Beecher.

Life's Opportunities.

Life is, in a great degree, what we make it. We are not to sit passively awaiting the good time; but we are to strive with a mighty strength of purpose to make of ourselves examples of goodness, wisdom, integrity and high moral courage, so that when the end shall come we shall feel we have not lived in vain. And how shall we succeed if we heedlessly pass by life's precious opportunities? We would not enforce upon our readers the necessity of grasping great opportunities alone—far from it; for, do not the little drops of water make the broad restless ocean? And where the desert but for the little grains of sand? So it is that little opportunities for doing good, little lessons that may at present seem so unimportant, help materially to lay the foundation for a great and useful life.

Our faculties for exercising an influence over others are so many and great that it is difficult to converse together without exerting a mutual influence; and every man who critically examines his intellectual and moral state will observe that however short his interview with another person may be it has had an effect upon him. And this influence is usually exerted when we think little about it; but we have probably left impressions upon some minds which will never be erased. And this influence and constancy has often great power. A single instance of advice, reproof, caution, or encouragement, may decide the question of a man's respectability, usefulness and happiness for a life-time. How important, then, that we improve every opportunity to make our lives a blessing to others.

Muscular and Nerve Exhaustion.

A reader has asked us to give him an explanation of the nature of muscular and nervous exhaustion, which we do with pleasure, so far as is at present known. There takes place during our active hours, when the muscular and nervous tissues are being exercised, chemical changes in the protoplasm of which they are constructed and in which they are bathed. These changes use up or expand this substance; but so long as the tissues are in health the changed matter is pushed on and excreted, and new matter from the blood comes up and is deposited in its place. The more abundantly the blood currents flow to the muscles and nerves, the more quickly are the products of decomposition removed and new matter supplied. If, however, a muscle or nerve is kept at a point of high tension for a long while without rest, the decomposed matter formed by exercise is not completely removed and new pabalum is not supplied, so weariness and exhaustion take the place of vigor and health. But when proper rest is taken, recovery occurs, and power of work is restored. We might continue to labor without exhaustion forever, if we could renew the waste of work and supply new matter indefinitly, but this is impossible, in this world at least.

BIG WORDS.—Was there ever such an era for big words as this? Petticoat went out when crinoline walked in. Elastics have driven garters from sight and memory.

No man rides on horseback now; he takes equestrian exercise. We have no city papers; they are metropolitian journals. Metropolitan jonrnalists write about epistaxis; they mean bleeding at the nose.

Women are no longer married; they enter into connubial bliss by being lead to the hymeneal altar. Nobody sells tooth powder or hair wash; it is dentifrice, sozodont and capillary decoction.

Every writer in this age of sham and metaphysics uses glibly the words phlebotomy, diagnosis, etc. These titanic highfalutants must run their course, and then we shall again come down to that pure well or English undefiled that every lover of those sturdy little Saxon words delights to drink from.

A SURPRISED "KING."

THE 19TH ST. BAPTISTS REFUSE REV. G. M. P. KING, PRESIDENT OF WAYLAND SEMINARY THE USE OF THEIR CHURCH FOR ANY PURPOSE WHATEVER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 16, 1883.

To the Editor of THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE:

MOST RESPECTED SIR:—As the colored citizens of the District of Columbia are all interested in the elevation and education of our people, I having always done all in my power to advance the cause of Christian education of my race in every particular, therefore, send to you the following correspondence for publication, so to give a full understanding of the position taken by the Board of Trustees of the 19th Street Baptist Church in not granting the use of said church to Prof. G. M P. King, "president of Wayland Seminary," for the purpose of holding his graduating exercises on the evening of May 23d. It may be considered untimely and badly advised by some that the trustees should refuse the church for the above named occasion, but we claim to be a part of the colored people, and in common have a fellow-feeling for our race, and would do nothing to impede their progress. We have no race prejudice, but have charity for all. While all this is true, we feel that it would be a lamentable mistake for us, who desire our advancement, to support an injustice to our people in any way. If we should support a *man*, or a set of *men*, in any way whatever, in proscribing, insulting and assaulting our women, we would be unworthy of the name of men; and unfit to enjoy the blessings of liberty, and justice to all:

When it is within our power to show our disapproval to the public, of an injustice to our people, we should feel it our duty to assert ourselves in the most positive and emphatic terms against anything that looks like improper and unjust treatment to our women.

It is time that Wayland Seminary has done much good to help our people. For this we are grateful; but all that has been done cannot justify and compensate for the vile treatment to colored pupils. Far be the day when we shall stand idly by our women and see them maltreated, and not lift our voice and hand against the one who would attempt such, and especially, a *repeated action*.

We believe it to be part of our duty to put down such if possible, or at least show that we have some conception of right. It is true that God helps those who help themselves, and we believe that we have done something in this direction, even though it may be unrecognized by some. We want to inform this Christian community why we cannot and will not indorse the actions of the principal of Wayland Seminary, because if we had granted his request, it would be construed that we indorsed his actians, which we desire to state that we cannot under any circumstances.

After a thorough investigation he is not so much to be complained of, as the Board in New York City. They were petitioned repeatedly to have such grievances corrected. They, doubtless, know that something is now wrong at Wayland Seminary, because we have a "*King*" to rule over God's heritage in that institution, who is inclined to rule slightly in love, but very *abruptly with a rod of iron*. It was said, not long since, by one of our leading men, that we, the colored people, will continue to complain of our treatment at the hands of the American people, until justice is awarded to us in every particular, for we hold that liberty means nothing, without equal, political, personal, and religious rights and privileges granted to us. We do not ask any more, but we will demand that we be respected and treated as all American citizens. We will see to it that those who teach us will and must regard our own personal rights, which we cannot suffer to be trodden under foot, even though it be done in a Christian seminary.

In closing this brief and hastily written article, I am sorry to say that Rev. G. M. P. "King," president of Wayland Seminary, has not in the past so acted toward our people as to commend himself to our kind privileges. We are creditably informed by many of the students of the seminary, of his very harsh treatment and unchristian bearing toward them. Why is it that so many students have left the Seminary and gone to Howard University and elsewhere? This question answers itself.

I am respectfully yours for the cause of Christian education, and the advancement of my race.

C. A. STEWART, SR.,
No. 1013, 16th Street N. W.

The following is the correspondence referred to:

No 1.

To the Trustees of the 19th St. Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR BRETHREN:—Thanking you for your kindness in the past I would ask if you will grant the use of your Meeting House for the anniversary exercises of Wayland Seminary the evening of May 24th.

Very truly yours,
G. M. P. KING,
President Wayland Seminary.

No. 2.

To the Trustees of 19th St. Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR BRETHREN:—I learn that I made a mistake in my recent request for your Meeting House. We desire the use of your house for the anniversary exercises of Wayland Seminary the evening of Wednesday, May the 23d.

I very much regret the mistake, but it may not be too late for its correction.

Yours very truly,
G. M. P. KING,
President Wayland Seminary.

No. 3.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1883.

SIR:—At a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the 19th St. Baptist Church, held on the above date, your letters asking for the use of the above named church on the evenings of May 23d and 24th, 1883, were received and duly considered, and in reply I am directed to say that the doors of our church are always opened to the students of Wayland Seminary, but we cannot grant to *you, sir, the use of our church for any purpose whatever*, because such action on our part might be construed as an endorsement of your acts as President of the above named Seminary, and that we can not nor will not do under any circumstances.

Very respectfully,
C. H. LEMOS,
Sec'y Board of Trustees 19th St. Baptist Church.

REV. G. M. P. KING,
President of Wayland Seminary.

Angry Opposition.

MR. EDITOR:—Is not the opposition to the holding of a colored convention, made by certain young men of this city, an exhibition of those qualities in "our people" upon which are based the argument of our enemies to prove our incapacity to to take part in Government, or to successfully manage affairs for the public good? It is simply opposition for the sake of opposition, buoyed up by envy, jealously, and misdirected ambition.

The reasons brought forth for opposing are shallow, false and deceitful. The complaint is that the call for the convention was issued by officious persons who "have taken it upon themselves." Such an assertion is an outrageous falsehood, made for the purpose of stirring up the meaner parts of our human nature. No one knows better than does the talented and able gentleman, whose hand and brain are most conspicuous in the work of vilification and detraction of the committee who issued the call, that that committee were the appointed servants of a delegated convention of the colored citizens of the District of Columbia. The committee issued the call, not upon their own motion, but upon direct and positive instruction to do so. Where is the arrogance of the committee in that? They are charged with the offense of not having consulted representative men; the answer to that charge is that it is too trifling and frivolous for the notice of any man who has the welfare of his people at heart. The retort might be made by asking the envious, jealous, and over ambitious opponents of the convention whether they receive their inspiration from representative men; and if they do how are we common Negroes to know that the prophets have spoken? We can see no difference in the standing or importance as men of those who favor, and of those who oppose, the convention; so we are unable to discern from scanning the names of the opposition that they have greater light from the mythical "representative" men than have those who favor the coming together of our people for deliberation as to their interests. So far the opposition to the convention comes from an angry spirit; hence falsehood is resorted to, detraction and abuse of upright and honorable gentlemen instead of fair and just argument, are brought to bear in a disgraceful and, to the thoughtful, sickening manner upon the matter under consideration. It is, however, left to the colored people at large to demonstrate whether or not they can be moved by appeals which address themselves merely to the narrow and weaker side of our nature.

LEWIS H. DOUGLASS.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

WE give THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCTE a warm shake of the hand upon its new dress. The entire appearance of the paper is exceedingly creditable to the colored press fraternity. May the level-headed editor live long.—*Christian Recorder.*

THE COLORED CONVENTION.

A VIGOROUS PROTEST BY REPRESENTATIVES FROM ALL THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Nearly a hundred colored representative men from most of the states assembled at Timms's hall last evening to enter a protest against the late call for a convention of colored men, headed by Frederick Douglass and others.

The meeting was called to order by Prof. R. T. Greener, who nominated Mr. E. B. Welborne, of Mississippi, for chairman. Messrs. W. K. Price, of North Carolina, and L. M. Browne, of Tennessee, were chosen secretaries. The president asked for the reading of the call of the proposed convention and the call for this meeting. Both were read. Mr. C, C. Caldwell, of Mississippi, moved the appointment of a committee on resolutions, consisting of one member from each state, territory and the District of Columbia there represented. While this committee was out stirring speeches were made by Prof. Greener, Theo. H. Green, Mississippi; A. P. Watson, Alabama; J. Willis Menard, Florida; J. R. Harris, Mississippi; Lee Nance, Mississippi; E. J. Waring, Ohio; W. S. Welborne, Mississippi; T. B. Pinn, Virginia, and others, repudiating the action of the local committee in the manner of calling the proposed convention and the selection of Washington as the place. The body was noticeable for its order, intelligence, and and the quiet and representative character of the gentlemen there assembled. Upon the return of the committee the following resolution were passed unanimously:

WHEREAS, a few citizens of the District of Columbia have taken it upon themselves to call a national convention of the leading colored men of the various states to meet in this city in September next without proper authority and without consulting the representative colored men of the different states and territories; and

WHEREAS, We colored republicans temporarily residing in the district, coming from the several states, do deem it at this time improper and inexpedient to hold said convention, and believing, as we do, that if left to the people said convention would be opposed as called by that committee;

WHEREAS; we believe that this convention was gotton up for the purpose of controlling in a degree the political status of the colored voters in this country; and*

WHEREAS; believing that if a convention should be held, the call should be made by representative colored men from the several states and territories: Therefore be it.

Resolved, that we repudiate the said call and in mass meeting assembled appeal to the people to refuse to elect delegates to said convention, and show in this manner that the political status of the colored people of this country cannot be controlled by any set of men to further their own interest. That the committee shall also correspond with the leading men in the several states as to the advisability of holding a national convention of colored men, and so to the best time and place to the end that the true desires of the people in every county of the states may be had, and report the same to a meeting of this body at such time as it may direct.

Resolved, that copies of these resolutions be furnished to the public press.

The following gentlemen constitute the committee: C. C. Caldwell, Mississippi; J. W. Curtis, Alabama; R. T. Greener, South Carolina; L. Murray Brown, Tennessee; E. J. Waring, Ohio; J. H. Camper, North Carolina; J. E. Hunt, Maryland; R. S. Smith, Florida; J. W. Coles, Virginia; T. L. Upshaw, Georgia; R. P. Randolph, Illinois; A. Freeman, Indiana; J. W. Mays, New Jersey; J. H. A. Schureman.

*[It is said that this clause was stricken out, yet it was published in the *Republican*.—ED.]

Western Life.

With only a team and a few dollars the emigrant determines to make himself a home in the wilds of the West. His first care is to build a sod house, as he must have a shelter. That done, about the middle of May he commences breaking prairie, and if he has a good horse team, succeeds in getting from forty to sixty acres broken by the middle of June. A few acres of the first breaking are usually planted to corn, dropped into a cut made through the sod with an axe, which incision is closed with the foot of the planter. This cannot be cultivated, and is wholly at the mercy of the season. Half the time it is a failure, but in a favorable season yields from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre. Mellons, pumpkins and squashes usually do well on sod, and turnips sown in midsummer seldom fail. In the fall he "back-sets" his ground with his breaking plough, taking an inch or so of ground below the spring breaking. The ground should not be plowed deeper than it is thoroughly rooted. The ground is now ready for the crop, and his wheat is usually sown the last of February or early in March. He has plenty of work to do, and hard work at that. No chance to make money escapes him. The first year or two is almost invariably one of hardships and privations for the average homesteader. The weak or shiftless ones usually give way in despair and turn eastward. The resolute ones stay, and soon have comfortable homes. No young man should go West unless he is prepared to work hard in the face of many difficulties.

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure, Corns, warts, bunions.

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PROF. KING AND WAYLAND.

Prof. G. M. P. King has received another set-back. The annual commencements of the Wayland Seminary have almost invariably been held at the 19th St. Baptist Church. This year, as customary, application was made for the use of the church for the same purpose. The matter was brought up before the deacons and trustees, and after a full consideration of the matter it was decided to refuse the application and to send a letter to Prof. King giving the reasons for the refusal.

There can be no stronger, no better evidence of the growing distrust in Wayland Seminary under the present management than this positive action of the leading Baptist Church in this community, and the authorities in New York will do well to make a note of this fact, and hurl from power the man whose selfish, brutal and hypocritical action has cost this institution so much local support. The Baptist H. M. Board knows that schools for the higher training of colored youth at all large centers of our population are becoming so abundant and so well endowed that the greatest constituency of any institution must be in its own immediate neighborhood. With local sentiment opposed to its management, Wayland Seminary is bound to encounter difficulties which will impose great obstacles to its future progress.

Public opinion in this country of ours is most powerful and is eventually bound to be respected, although indifference and contempt may be simulated. Public opinion demands that Prof. King be made to give place to some more progressive man.

A FINAL dividend of 7 per cent has been decleared for the depositors of the Freedmen's Saving Trust Co., making 62 per cent in all. They began paying off depositors in the Washington Branch Wednesday morning. Dividends to depositors in the other branches will be paid on and after next Monday the 21st inst.

All depositors who have received any of the for dividends will be entitled to the final dividends, and those who forwarded their books for dividends after the 21st of August, 1881, and before Feb. 17, '83, the payments of which were refused because barred under the act of Feb. 21, '81, will in addition to the final dividend received such barred dividends.

Depositors whose pass books have been forwarded for examination and audit since Feb. 17, 1883, which may hereafter be forwarded for that purpose, will not be entitled to the final dividend, but a record of all such pass books, and of the barred dividends called for after the 17th of Feb. 1883, will be kept that they may receive their pro rata of the balance, if any, which may remain in the hands of the commisioner uncalled for on the 12th day of May, 1885, as provided for in an act of congress approved Feb. 17th 1883. The amount required to pay the final dividend on the basis of the amount called for on the third dividend is $182,397, and this amount added to the amount paid and estimated to be paid on account of former dividends and special deposits aggregate the sum of $1,543,548.

THE local convention that appointed the committee which has issued the call for the National Convention, will reconvene Monday. Power will be asked for by the committee to issue a supplemental call, leaving the time and place open to suggestions by the different States, such suggestions to be made within two months from date. This seems rather impracticable and likely to embarrass the action of delegates who would desire to know when and where the convention was to be when they were elected. It seems to us that a good way would be to name Louisville, which is centrally located; a city possessing superior railroad facilities; a city to which there are excursion rates for the month of September. Let the colored men of Kentucky take action at once, and every one go to work to make the convention a success.

WE reproduce from *The Republican* the account of the Monday night meeting relative to the Natioaal Convention. Whether its proceedings will more fully accord with the popular voice than that of the committee of the citizens of this district is a question.

We shall await with interest the progress of the work of this new committee and see whether the fact that two-thirds of them are employes in the Executive departments, though citizens of states, will be urged as an objection in this instance; and whether the views of Prof. Greener against a convention which were so pronounced, as expressed in the *Post* last week, and admitted by him, have undergone a sudden and radical change.

HON. H. C. C! ASTWOOD, consul to San Domingo, has not only made a very favorable impression on the Government to which he was accredited, but made a valuable representative. He is now in the country, as their agent, to purchase a coastwise steamer and to negotiate a loan. In this mission he has completed all the necessary arrangements He reports that the trade between the United States and San Domingo is on the increase; that the trade of sugar, mahogany, tropical fruits, &c., affords a very wide margin for profit and that our young men could enter with reasonable prospects of success. Mr. Astwood shortly returns to his post, taking his family with him.

THE success of the New York *Globe* has been somewhat phenomenal in colored journalism. It is but evidence of the growing intellectual necessities of the race and ability to meet the demand. We take personal pleasure in the recent evidence of prosperity in its enlargement from six to seven columns, because Mr. Fortune was the first colored printer employed on the ADVOCATE; and further, because of two of his compositors, one learned his trade in this office, and another, his assistant foreman, is not only a Washington boy, and the child of colored printing offices, but a rapid compositor, who will hold his own anywhere.

WE acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the anniversary exercises of the Tuskegee (Ala.) Norma Slchool, Thursday, May 31st.

Porter Hall, a new building, will be dedicated, the dedicatory address being delivered by Rev. George Leonard Chaney, of Boston. In the afternoon, there will be rhetorical exercises of the students and addresses by Rev. Morgan Collaway, D. D.. late of Emery College, Georgia, now of the Paine Institute. B. T. Washington, formerly a student in this city, is principal.

THERE will always be royal welcome to those brave defenders of the Stars and Stripes who in the hour of the Nation's trials were loyal to her interests and on field and flood shed their blood in her defense. Army of the Potomac, no spot on American soil has greater reason to hold in perpetual remembrance your valiant services than the City of Washington whose guard you were! Always welcome, boys in blue, veterans—Army of the Potomac!

WE take very great pleasure in placing the *Colored World*, Indianapolis, Ind., on our exchange list. The numbers which we have seen evince journalistic adaptability on the part of the publishers and editors. We might say here that its editor, Mr. E. F. Horn, formerly of *Our Age*, Evansville, Ind., is one our most brilliant paragraphists.

THE ADVOCATE was made the medium, in part, of attacking the reputation of Hon. Astwood, after his appointment, on the authority of a gentleman who claimed to speak from personal knowledge and without prejudice. Now that Mr. Astwood has belied all the prophecies made with regard to his official career, we avail ourselves of this opportunity to make the "amende honorable."

THE very general attention given by the press of the country to the National Convention shows that there is an opportunity which can be made immensely profitable to the race.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from overloading the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt, and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of warm water, and swallowed instantly. It is hardly down before it begins to come up, bringing the remaining contents of the stomach with it, and lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg, or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, as these articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

PERSONAL.

D. A. Straker has won commendation for his signal ability in conducting a case before the Columbia (S. C.) bar.

John F. Quarler, Esp., has been appointed business Secretary and counsel to the Eastern Ore Producers' Association. This association represents a capital of twenty million of dollars.

J. A. Gla has been removed as Surveyor Genl. of La., and Col. Jas. Lewis has been appointed in his stead. He qualified for the place, furnishing a bond of $60,000. Col. Lewis is one of the best type of our representative men.

Among the recent graduates at the Bennett Medical College in Chicago was a colored lady Miss Mary E. Green, a native of Drake Co., Ohio. Her standing in her class was high.

Paul Molyneaux brother to Mr. Frederick Douglass, Jr., is now in England and working his way up as an actor, an opportunity denied him in his own country on account of his race.

Mr. Kennedy, who was here a few weeks past, has entered upon his duties as Supt. of Bonded and Insp. of Cigars at a salary of $2500 per annum. He is succeeded in the Inspectorship by Ex-Congressman Morey.

W. H. Council principal of the Colored State Normal School at Huntsville, Ala., has recently passed a very creditable examination as a lawyer and admitted to to practice before the Supreme Court of of that State. Mr. Councill is a very cultured gentleman and is widely known. He has the qualifications to enable him to take a high stand at the bar.

Dr. St. John, a colored gentleman of Barbadoes, recently graduated the second in a class of fifty-five students at Cleveland, Ohio. He was only one-tenth of one per cent lower than the prize scholar. All the other pupils and all the faculty were white. Dr. St. John after an advanced course in New York proposes to devote himself to diseases of the eye.

At ten o'clock Sunday night while a sailor on the Old Dominion Steamer Wyanoke in the Norfolk, Va., harbor was closing apart he fell overboard, cutting his head badly. Being in imminent danger, a colored hand on the ship named M. Williams, coming on deck leaped overboard, went to the bottom and soon reappeared on the surface with the man in his arms A rope being thrown him he secured it to the wounded man who was pulled aboard and resuscitated. Williams was afterwards hauled out much exhausted. He is highly praised for his heroism.

Literature among the Colored People.

For some years past, a modest little paper, neat in appearance, and lively in contents—has come to me weekly from Washington City, bearing the name of THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. The ADVOCATE is edited by J. W. Cromwell, who was educated in Philadelphia, but lived in the South as a school teacher for some years after the war. * * *

All over the country, papers are springing up edited by colored people. Among those I have seen, especially worthy of notice, are *The Christian Recorder*, THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, and the *Richmond Star*.

In our larger cities literary societies are flourishing among the colored people. The reports of the Bethel Literary Society of Washington City printed weekly in the ADVOCATE, furnish very interesting reading.—Orra Langhorne, in the *Southern Workman* for May.

Dashing It Off.

The first and most prevalent misconception of tyros is, that an article or a poem, to be brilliant, must be "dashed off." They have heard of course, that Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in a week; that Byron was only thirteen days over "The Corsair;" that Scott was scarcely double that time in writing a volume of "Waverley;" and that Burns composed "Tam O'Shanter" between dinner and tea. But they forget that before these tasks were accomplished, Johnson had composed and published what would fill volumes; Byron had already spent the best of his life in constant practice of his pen; Scott had edited the Border ballads, the works of Swift and Dryden, and written the greatest of his poems; and that Burns was an expert, and practiced in verse-making as a long experience in the art could possibly make even him. Apart altogether from the question of the supereminent genius or all these men, they did not attain to this degree of literary celerity all at once. They did not jump into it as a man may get into a suit of new clothes. It was in each case the result of the unwearied practice of their art. There have been instances, such as that of the poet Campbell, where the genius ripened early, and where the first work was the best; but this is very rare even in the ranks of genius. The rule of these ranks has rather been on the side of unmitigated labor in correcting and perfecting their compositions. Many of them, such as Gibbon, wrote and re-wrote the first of their productions three or four times over; and after all, when they saw their work in print, have been known to declare that they thought they could still improve it were they to write it over again. It may be taken, therefore, as a fundamental rule in the attainment of literary excellence, to spare no labar in perfecting and polishing, and to leave no word, or sentence, or passage unimproved that still seems to admit of improvement. Attention to this would save many a young writer some of his bitterest disappointments.

Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic school, was one day consulted by a wealthy English lord. The doctor listened patiently to the patient. He took a small phial, opened it, and held it under his lordship's nose. "Smell! Well, you are cured." The lord asked in surprise, "How much do I owe!" "A thousand francs," was the reply. The lord immediately pulled out a bank-note and held it under the doctor's nose. "Smell! Well, you are paid!"

Mineral Wool.

Mineral wool or silicate cotton is one of those curious and unexpected inventions arising from the ever-increasing efforts of modern science to utilize the waste material of industry. It was first manufactured in large quantities in one of the large gun factories of Krupp, in Essen, a large town of Prussia, on the Rhine, where such immense quantities of mineral refuse or "slag" had accumulated year after year that how to get rid of it became a serious problem. It had formed quite respectable sized mountains, when some one conceived the idea of experimenting with it, and found by the action of hot air and jets of steam under the pressure of three or four atmospheres, blown upon the slag when nearly at a white heat, it became transformed into a light, coherent spongy substance, something between wool and grey cotton wadding in appearance, and capable of being purified so as to become as white as wool. It is of course, perfectly incombustible. It is also a bad conductor of heat, and relatively cheap; about a cent and a half a pound or about $5 a cubic yard. It will probably become cheaper as the supply increases.

Its uses are many and varied. It makes excellent coverings for forcing beds, wraps for water pipes and faucets to protect from frost. In building it is especially valuable. Placed between the outer and inner surfaces of walls it is a most excellent protection against the cold of winter and the heat of summer; while for the stuffing of partition walls and floors it is the most effective deadener of sound yet discovered. It is lighter and less expensive than most substances used for this purpose, and has the great advantage of being inaccessible to mice as well as preventing the spread of flames in case of fire. It is not waterproof, but is made so when required, by coating it under heat with bituminous or resinous matter. The demand for this material is increasing, but its manufacture in this country is controlled by parties who hold patents thereon.—*Industrial News.*

Scent of Dogs.

Dogs not only smell odors in an occasional way, but they likewise seem to extract a recognizable odor from almost everything, as Professor Croom Robertson also suggests. Anacharist knows me when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume, and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me at once by some, to us, undiscoverable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble amongst a thousand. Even the very ground on which I have trodden remains to him a faint memento of my presence for hours afterward. The bloodhound can track a human scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharist at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt; for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touched it. When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs so as to be recognizable even by our defective organs of smell, there is nothing extravagant in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses on all the pebbles and straws which lie across the road. Thus the smells which make up half of the dog's picture of the universe are probably just as continuous and distinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other half in the canine mind.

A Rumseller's Story.

A man named Stacy, the owner of a splendid drinking-saloon in New York, recently signed the pledge and closed his house. Hearing that a party of lads had formed themselves into a temperance society, he went to them and gave them his experience as a rumseller. We repeat some of his recollections for our readers:

"I sold liquor," said Mr. Stacy, "for eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effects. I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place, and afterward fill the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon, who now cannot buy his dinner. I can recall twenty customers worth one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, who are now without money, place or friends."

He warned boys against entering saloons on any pretext. He stated that he had seen many young fellows, members of a temperance society, come in with a friend and wait while he drank. "No, no," they would say, "I never touch it. Thanks all the same." Presently, rather than seem churlish, one would take a glass of cider or harmless lemonade. "The lemonade was nothing," said the rumseller, "but I knew how it would end. The only safety, boys, for any man, no matter how strong his resolutions, is outside the door of the saloon."

Farm Houses.

Many farmers build large houses, or costly houses; but how good they may be depends upon their plan. We see far too many of the fancy plans in which the walls shut out more space than they shut in, full of re-entering angles and suggestive of small and comfortless rooms. You who intend to build, please cut out this remark and preserve it: *The farther your plan departs from the old style square house, with hall through the center, the further it departs from comfort and convenience.* A square house with rooms on each side of the hall opening into each other by wide double doors, and if you wish to be quite elegant let wide doors open from the hall also, is the most economical of room of any, and the most comfortable. The hall on the second floor should be wide also, with windows at the end. A house on this plan may have bay windows and all the modern elegances you choose to spend upon it, or it may be severely simple. In either case it is a thing of comfort and a joy forever.

A pompous country lawyer, with a head out of all proportion to the brain it contained, addressed a jury with great fervor, and from the expression his countenance wore, one would judge he considered he was astonishing the bar and the bench. His client really thought the legal gentleman was putting in his work in a phenomenal manner, and couldn't repress occasional mild outbursts of applause, one time going so far as to nudge a neighboring granger to remark: "Great Scott, but ain't he a stunning lawyer! Why, bless me if he ain't a Rufus Shoat!"

What the Women Say at Weddings.

The following remarks have mostly been said time after time at all our "tony" weddings, and will be said again and again on every such occasion:

Here she comes!
Pretty, isn't she?
Who made her dress?
Is it surah silk or satin?
Is her veil real lace?
She's as white as the wall!
Wonder how much he's worth?
Did he give her those diamonds?
He's scared to death!
Isn't she the cool piece?
That train's a horrid shape!
Isn't her mother a dowdy?
Aren't the bridesmades homely?
That's a handsome usher!
Hasn't she a cute little hand?
Wonder what number her gloves are?
They say her shoes are fives.
If his hair isn't parted in the middle!
Wonder what on earth she married him for?
For his money, of course!
Isn't he handsome?
He's as homely as a hedge-hog!
He looks like a circus clown!
No, he's like a dancing master!
Good enough for her, any way.
She was always a stuck-up thing.
She'll be worse than ever, now!
She jilted Sam Somebody, didn't she?
No, he never asked her.
He's left town any way.
There, the ceremony has begun.
Isn't he awkward?
White as his collar.
Why don't they hurry up?
Did she say she would "obey!"
What a precious fool!
There, they are married!
Doesn't she look happy?
Pity if she wouldn't!
(Wish I were in her place!)
What a handsome couple?
How gracefully she walks!
Dear me, what airs she puts on!
Wouldn't be in her place for a farm!
I'll bet those jewels were hired.
Well, she's off her father's hands at last!
Doesn't she cling tightly to him, though!
She has a mortgage on him now.
Hope they'll be happy.
They say she's awful smart.
Too smart for him by a jugful!
There! they are getting in the carriage!
That magnificent dress will be squashed!
The way she looks at him!
She just worships him!
Worship be hanged! she's only making believe!
It's kind o' nice to get married, isn't it?
No, it's a dreadful bore.
Wasn't it stupid wedding?
What dowdy 'resses!
I'll never go to another!
I'm just suffocated!
Tired to death.
Glad it's over!
Oh, dear!

Weddings.

From the *Home Journal's* "Notes on New York Etiquette," we glean a few items concerning weddings: After the ceremony and the clerical blessing, the clergyman congratulates the husband and wife, but he does not kiss the lady, as was once the custom. Indeed, kissing in public, says this authority, is no longer permissible in good society; a delicate and refined womanhood has long been in rebellion against the usage, without having abolished it, however, until quite recently. After the breakfast, or in case of a reception, before the guests disperse, the bride and groom leave for their dressing-rooms quietly, taking no leave of any one, and prepare for their departure. They don their traveling attire, and only a few favored or especially invited friends remain with the bridesmaids and ushers to throw rice and worn slippers after their carriage. The "best man" has already gone to the train or steamer to look after their luggage and to see them off without vexation or care-taking. No one asks them whither they are flitting, such a question being in bad taste. The "best man" only is aware of the direction in which their honeymoon is rising, and he is not likely to speak of his knowledge. Bridal gifts are seldom exhibited, and the few friends who are permitted to look at them examine them only after the cards are removed. The giving of presents by persons outside of the family is falling into disrepute, and, by not a few families, is considered an intrusion if not an impertinence.

The Woodpecker as a Pianist.

A close observer of birds and their habits is convinced that the peculiar sound made by a woodpecker with its bill is intended as a substitute for vocal music, the bird selecting one particular spot upon the trunk or bough of the tree, which spot is naturally sonorous by the wood being more or less hollowed by decay. The bird returns to this precise spot continually during the day, and produces the sound by striking on the tree with its bill, the stroke being repeated with a rapidity that is really incomprehensible, for it quite eludes the eye. It is effected by a vibratory motion of the head, but the vibrations are so quick they look like a single motion. After short pauses this stroke is again and again renewed, sometimes for several minutes together. During each interval the woodpecker looks round it and below it with evident delight and with an apparent challenge of admiration. The beautiful crimson crest is more or less erected. The whole performance evidently takes the place of song in other birds. The nest is not in the same tree as that struck by the bill of the male. Similar sonorous spots in the trees of the neighborhood are selected if available, so the observer concludes the hen bird as she sits on the nest is serenaded from different directions with as much variety in the sound as the change of tree may produce. This is the only case among the feathered tribes where instrumental music is practiced.

Fading Away.

Any one who would try to make the task of getting out of a parlor more difficult than it is, must expect to be criticised.

In "Lothair" Disraeli has one of his characters say that no one should say "goodbye," but in departing should fade away like a summer cloud. That is sweet, isn't it? and practical, too. Imagine a man who weighs two hundred and thirty pounds when he is "right thin," trying to fade out of a morning call like a summer cloud. He would fade, wouldn't he? Especially if he happened to collide with a rocking-chair as he was fading.

Or, think of a man trying to "fade" out of a parlor like a summer cloud, with his hostess' meanest poodle snapping at his legs. Just think how he would "fade." And fancy a young man "fading" away in the evening, when he wanted to get out of the hall before pa could reach the front porch and the chilling tones of his footsteps already craunching on the gravel.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Model School Teacher.

A tolerably athletic young man took a certain school to teach years ago in Western New York after a number of pedagogues had tried it and given it up in despair. The "big boys" had driven the teachers away invariably, and the discouragement was so complete the first day that they never undertook a second edition.—This young man took hold with a full knowledge of the difficulty, and with a hope that he could succeed. He was mild mannered, and he opened the school the first day with a pleading smile on his lips that made even the small boys reckless. He was taking the names of the children and progressed without difficulty till he came to John Tarbox, the ring-leader of the unruly ones, and the boy who always gave the signal for trouncing the "master."

The new teacher approached him with a sweet smile on his face, and said:

"Now, will you tell me your name, please."

The boy leaned back in his seat, put his feet over the top of the desk, and looked cross-eyed at the new teacher, while all the school roared.

"Please tell me your name," repeated the teacher pleadingly, and without noticing this rudeness.

"Wall," drawled the fellow, "sometimes they call me Bob, and sometimes they call me Pete, and sometimes they call me somethin' else, but you better not call me anything!"

The mild-looking teacher had been expecting all this; there he had the advantage. He had prepared himself for a fight, not a fight for a minute, but for an hour or day, if need be; he had been in a manner trained for it, and so just as the last words were out of the boy's mouth he dealt the big lubber a blow between the eyes that stunned him, and then, grasping him by the collar dragged him headlong over the seats, stood him up on the floor with a jam, and thundered out: "What is your name?"

"John Tarbox!" exclaimed the boy, promptly, and with his eyes fairly bulging from his head.

"Very well, said the teacher. "Take your seat, John," and John took it.

There was no more difficulty, and at the end of the season that school was said to be the best in the country.

The Moustache.

There is a great deal of character in the moustache, as the form of the upper lip and in the regions about it have largely to deal with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, manliness, vanity and other qualities, or the reverse. When the moustache is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self-control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things of course taken into account. If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the moustache, there is a tendency to ambition, vanity or display. When the curls turn upward there is geniality, combined with love of approbation; when the curls turn downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not unaccompanied with gloom. The reverse quality is well indicated by the common portraits of Shakespeare, who was as much noted for cheerfulness and geniality in life, as those qualities are manifested in his writings. It is worthy of remark that good-tempered men will, in playing with the moustache, invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross grained and morose men will pull it obliquely downward.

How the Snake Gets a New Suit.

"Some people think that snakes only shed their skins at certain seasons of the year," said the keeper. "That's a mistake. If they are well fed and kept right warm, they change their coats about every eight weeks through the year." "Does it pain them?" "Not a bit of it. You see the skin of a snake does not increase in size as reptile grows, as with us. While the old skin is getting smaller by degrees, a new one is forming underneath, and the other gradually gets dry. When it is ready to shed, it loosens around the lips, and the reptile rubs itself against the earth or the rock in the cage, and turns the upper part over the eye and the lower part over the throat. Then it commences to glide around the glass case, all the time rubbing itself against something until the entire skin is worked off. Sometimes this takes three days; occasionally they get rid of the incumbrance in a few hours. I don't believe they have a bit of intelligence. For all I feed them and care for them, they would as lief bite me as any stranger. I can handle a good many of them safely, but it's only the knack of the thing—not that they wont bite, but that they can't get the chance."

ERRORS OF PRINT.—The most common kind of absurdity in print—or used to be—comes in the compositor's work; the mechanical process of type-setting. As for instance: A compositor on the Binghamton *Republican*, who was recently handed a paragraph which read: "The lumbermen in this vicinity are busy skidding their logs, preparatory to hauling to the mill," set it up to read, "The humbler men in this vicinity are busy skinning their dogs, preparatory to hauling to their meals."

Sometimes, however, we have to credit the writer with the whimsicality—as in cases of Irish-English, or *naive* superfluity, like the following:

A Chicago morning daily found a little boy a few days ago, who, according to its veracious chronicler, was very dead, indeed. The reporter wrote: "The boy was quite dead. No efforts could resuscitate him in the least."

This is quite as good as the amusing "bull" culled from a recent feuilleton in the Paris *Figaro*, which runs: "Not a cry did she utter, nor give any sign of life—not even when her brother-in-law put his hand to her heart and said to Vaque, 'She is dead.'"

A YEAT WITHOUT A SUMMER.—In the year 1816 there was a sharp frost every month. It was known as the year without a summer. The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." In May ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen and corn killed. Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the fifth, ice was formed of the thickness of window glass in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. In August ice formed half an inch thick. A cold northern wind prevailed nearly all summer. Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Verry little ripened in New England, and scarcely any even in the Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay $4 or $5 a bushel for corn of 1815, for seed for the next spring's planting.

PLE'S ADVOCATE

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1883.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . Richard Townsend
Baltimore.....
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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LOCAL.

—Smiling May.

—Not too warm nor too cool.

—May Feast and Strawberries.

—Excellent weather for the Army of the Potomac.

—The colored soldier is always ready for a parade.

—Is it because he likes to display his uniform?

—Mr. John M. Young has returned from Florida, much improved in health.

—Gen. T. Morris Chester was in our city this week, looking well.

—The Washington City Cadets gave a reception at their Armory Wednesday night.

—Mr. H. E. Cuney has been appointed Inspector of Licences for the District of Columbia.

—Mr. J. W. Cromwell made a flying visit to Martinsburg Monday in the interest of the Grand Council of Honor. While there he was the guest of Mr. Hopewell and Mr. J. R. Clifford.

—Geo. M. Arnold's whole-souled encouraging words for Mr. Carle last Tuesday night were in marked contrast to Richard Laws' cold and merciless criticism.

—Mrs. R. S. Smith has returned from Florida where she has been spending a few months. The *Globe* man is doubtless proud of the improved appearance of his wife and lovely babes.

—Mr. A. J. Hall and Miss Katie M. Coagy were married on Monday evening, the 14th inst. We wish the happy couple a long, useful and prosperous journey through life. "What God hath joined."

—The personal friends of Richd. DeReef Venning, connected with the Amphion Singing Society, commemorated his 46th birthday anniversary by forwarding him a box filled with quaint and curious articles. Ta-ta, Dickey.—*Phila. Sunday Mercury.*

—The concert under the joint auspices of the 18th St. Baptist Sunday School and Bannecker Circle C. L. S. C., last Friday night was a success. Miss Georgie Butler received the prize for selling the highest number of tickets.

—Rev. J. A. Mulligan recently of Key West, Fla., an old friend of Prof. Greener, passed through our city last week *en route* to the Philadelphia and Baltimore Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church.

—The Anniversary Exercises of the Wayland Alumni of Wayland Seminary will be held in the 19th steeet Baptist Church on Thursday evening, May 24th '83. Exercises to commence at 7:30 P. M. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

—The Sunday School Union at Asbury Sunday afternoon was quite fairly attended. R. J. Smith presided, and Miss Julia M. Mason acted as Secretary. Addresses were delivered by Drs. Crummell, Huntley and Rev. Astwood.

—Dr. Crummell's pamphlet in reply to the strictures of Dr. Tucker on the Negro is just out. It deserves to be widely circulated. It is printed in fine style and is sold at fifteen cents a copy. Dr Crummell's address is 1522 O street N. W.

—Miss Amelia Tilghman has gone to Benning's. We are sorry to state that her condition is not much improved, but trust that the bracing air and perfect rest will soon restore her to her usual good health and spirit.

—Mrs. and Mr. F. D. Parker, of L St. gave a very brilliant reception on last Monday evening. Despite the inclement weather the many friends of the gag couple had a very delightful time Mrs. Parker is exceedingly charming and her genial husband has lost none of his vivacity.

—Maj. P. W. Bryant Chief of the Night of Inspector's at the Port of Entry, Key West, Fla., is in the city at the Philadelphia House. He has for many years enjoyed the confidence of the people of that State, as being one of the most staunch, consistent and through going public men in South Florada.

—The Assembly Club, of Israel C. M. E. Church, will commence their Fair at said Church, cor. 1st and B, S. W., on Monday, May 21st, and continue two weeks It will open with the "May Feast." Admission 10 cents, season ticket 50 cents, Miss A. L. Smallwood, President; Miss A. L. Brown, Secretary.

—Miss Carrie Syphax read a very discriminating essay on Self-Made Women last Tuesday night at Bethel Literary. Her ideas were very beautifully expressed and her delivery was graceful and easy. Mr. J. F. Carle then read a lecture on Tact and Talent which was quite exhaustive in its treatment, clear in its analysis and just in its comparisons. It was exceedingly well read, and was not without wit. It abounded in apt quotations, and although its length forebade the audience from hearing all of it was voted a success.

THE CONVENTION.

BY LE DUKE.

It is scarcely necessary for one so obscure as Le Duke to talk about so exalted an institution as a *colored convention*. From what she has gathered, historically, colored conventions are more remarkable for their novelty than for broad and far-reaching utility. "Pints of order," and questions of the "highest privilege" absorb the time and talents of our would-be leaders, and our conventions end about as they began—in *flatus*,

As I said before, it is somewhat out of place for me to talk about colored conventions. It should have been the province of Argus, whose critical analysis of the uses of Emancipation processions, exhibited intellect and acumen of stupendous proportions, to have handled this profound subject; but as he is doubtless absorbed in a disquisition upon the spots on the sun, the transit of Venus, and a re-adjustment of the boundaries of the constellations, he will hardly find it convenient to devote any time this week to sublunary affairs.

I offer this in extenuation of what would otherwise be an unwarrantable assumption on my part. But to return to conventions. A number of colored gentlemen, of the District, after looking about for an exact or approximate measurement of the political *stature* of the colored people, resolved to issue some reasons why a convention should be called and requested the representative men to see that State conventions were called to choose proper men to attend National Convention. Well, they did *call*, but it appears they did not have a full hand. Certain persons "temporarily residing in the District," excepted to the persons who made the call, the manner of calling and went so far as to question the propriety of having *any* convention however called or by whoever.

The cesspools of vituperation were dredged by opponents for the most loathsome and slimy sediment with the view of making the project appear a dirty job. This was to no purpose. Next came bitter discussions, interspersed with pugilistic circumgyrations and consequent social demoralization. This did not do the business. Next came asinine correspondence in a metropolitan democratic newspaper in which the correspondent showed surprising ignorance as to the remedies necessary to protect the colored laborer of the South, and an unfortunate misrepresentation of the just claims of the colored people to increased political recognition.

Then came a convention consisting of persons "temporarily residing in the District of Columbia," whose business it was to pass upon the question of the propriety of a convention, and the manner and place of holding it, should it be deemed advisable to have one. To state it in a nut-shell, they repudiated the first scheme *in toto*, imputed to the schemers a spirit of selfishness and mercenary motives, and came to a conclusion that if the convention was to be called at all. the distinguished honor of calling it belonged, of right, to themselves. So the resolution committee was empowered to correspond with the leading men in the States, and report results to a subsequent meeting. Then the sounds of tumult died away and the "persons temporarily residing in the District," betook themselves to their virtuous couches to dream of their *own* proposed convention, and the glorious results it would involve. Now what has it all amounted to? A committee, at whose head stood the foremost colored man of the nation, must give away to a set of "persons temporarily residing in the District of Columbia." And yet, a convention is to be called. Now, Le Duke does not see the need of a convention. We have all the *law* we can manage as it is. Conventions cannot enforce laws, but it can declare principles. What principles are we to declare, which have not already been declared? And, if a convention *is* necessary, what matters it who calls it, so the call is responded to by the proper men? Are citizens of the District to be debarred the privilege of appealing to their brothers because they are disfranchised by no fault of their own? And who are these "persons temporarily residing in the District of Columbia?" To be sure they *can* vote, but nine-tenths of them have been "temporarily residing in the District" from five to fifteen years, and have not once exercised the glorious privileges of citizenship. Shame upon you who have the right to vote and *will not* exercise it. The greater shame, that you should *add insult* to the injury which the citizens of the District have long suffered by disfranchisement, by withholding the only support which was in your power to bestow. It is manly to protect the weak; it is tyranny and injustice to disregard their requests and scoff at their unfortunate disfranchisement. Le Duke advises to let the whole business "dry up and bust."

—The Golden Wreath Club will give an entertainment at Lincoln Mission Hall Monday evening the 21st inst. Capital City Guard will be out in full uniform. Admission, fifteen cents. A gold watch will be awarded to the gentleman or lady selling the greatest number of tickets. And to the one selling the next highest, a moss rose tea set, consisting of fifty dieces. 3t.

Decline of Man

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Conference Notes.

At the Baltimore Conference of the A. M. E. Church in session at Hagerstown, Rev. James A Handy was elected on the first ballot a delegate to the General Conference which meets next year. Bev. Upshaw, W. G. Alexander and Welch were elected elders.

The Connectional Sunday School was approved.

The presiding eldership was retained.

THURLOW Weed's Autobiography is announced for early publication, by subscription, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. This can hardly fail to be a work of pernament value and of engrossing interest. Mr. Weed knew everybody worth knowing; he was a man of remarkable personal fascination, even for those whom in politics he opposed most energetically; he was the trusted adviser of Presidents and Governors; and his career was peculiar American.

From the autobiography papers which he published from time to time we infer that his "Autobiography" will be strikingly rich in anecdotes and reminiscences of the growth of the country and of its public men. It must be every way an attractive work, and one for which agents will find ready purchasers.

Clever.

It is related of Dr. Holmes that at a country charitable fair one day he was entreated to furnish a letter for the post-office. He seized a sheet of paper, and between its folds placed a $1 bank note. Turning to the first page he wrote the following:

Dear lady, whoso'er thou art,
Turn this poor page with trembling care;
But hush, oh hush thy beating heart,
The one thou lovest best will be there.

In obedience to the poet's injunction, the page turned disclosed the attractive greenback of the value of one dollar, and to prove the truth of this assertion, he made the following appeal on the opposite page from the bank deposit:

Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter,
This is one thou lovest well,
And naught (0) would make thee love it better.

—The perceptive faculty of women is usually keener than the same phrenological organ in man. Woman knows, or strongly believes, that beauty rather than genius is worshipped by the sterner sex. A man may talk of the latter to his lady love, but the keenness of the woman knows he is thinking of the former in his heart. Women have an innate desire to please their beaux. They are fond of admiration, hence one of their longings is to be beautiful; to be called pretty, handsome. The grand secret of female beauty is health; the secret of health is the power, the appetite to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food; yet, in connection with this there is something more important—active exercise, which will cleanse and tone the vital organs, gain perfect digestion, purify the blood, clear the complexion and produce a state of mental and physical electricity, which gives symmetry of form, bright eyes, white skin and glossy hair, the last a genuine type of female beauty and loveliness which no cosmetic can ever produce.

Occasionally, yes, very often, a woman is more than a match for a man. A farmer living in the outskirts of New Haven was in a hurry to get his farm work along, and went out into the field with his boys and hired man, entirely overlooking the fact that the last stick of wood in the woodpile had been urned to get the breakfast. Raging hungry the force came in at noon. The good wife had the table set with all the taste of which she was mistress, and it really looked inviting, but there was no dinner upon it. "Sarah, where's the dinner?" inquired the farmer somewhat anxiously. "I don't know whether it is done or not. There was no wood for a fire, so I hung it in the warmest place I could find. It's on the ladder at the south side of the house." The whole force was detailed at chopping wood that afternoon.

A bee flew into a pitcher that stood on a doorstep of a house in Boston. A dog, coming along, saw the bee, and went down into the pitcher after the insect. The bee made it lively for the dog, and he could not withdraw his head, and the circus began in earnest. The dog howled fearfully and began to plunge wildly about, and then started on a mad run down the street. The dog being completely blindfolded by the pitcher could not guide himself but got under the feet of a stout man and both took a roll in the gutter and the shouts of the man, who did not attempt to disguise his annoyance, were as loud as the yells of the dog. A policeman, coming up, broke the pitcher and thus broke up the show at the same time.

A Texas Sheriff recently said to a number of his intimate friends: "Boys, I have just arrested you for murder and arson; I meant to hold you for some time just to show you that the laws of Texas are not to be violated; but here is a telegram from the sheriff of another county who wishes me to ride fifty miles to help him bind his eyes while the neighbors hang a pony thief. Good-day.

A smart but ambitious man wrote his name and address on a ten dollar bank note, so that thousands of people would think of him as they handled that money. Four days afterwards the note was traced back to him by this means, with the pleasant discovery that it was counterfeit.

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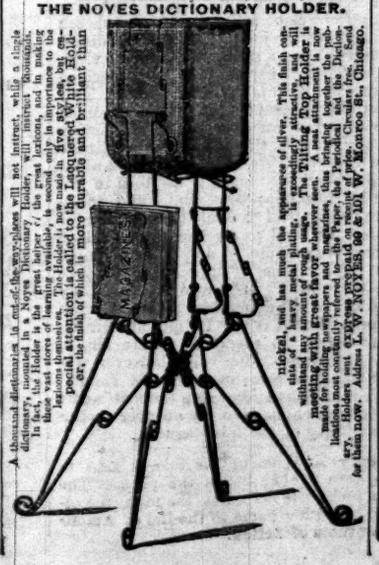

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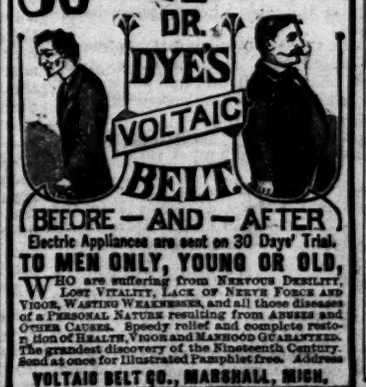

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DOMESTIC ASIDES.

"I really think it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painter's easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it, p'r'aps, the measles!)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby;
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

—*Thos. Hood.*

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

BY BRET HARTE.

What the Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted; who could do more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel, with every one else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerably at cards and horse-races. In fact, the keeper of that one of the Challenge Hill saloons which the Colonel did not patronize was once heard to wonder, absent-mindedly, whether the Colonel hadn't a money-mill somewhere, where he turned out eagles and "slugs" (the coast name for $50 gold pieces.)

When so important a personage as a bartender indulged publicly in the idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so, for a few days, certain industrious professional gentlemen who won money of the Colonel carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two, and retired them, and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the Colonel and a loss of considerable custom by the indiscreet bar-keeper.

The Colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge Hill, but being mortal the Colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently and glaring defiantly at all mankind were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the Colonel. They were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the Colonel savagely dissented with every one who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible. But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise, and riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful exhilarations in the world. When a man is so absorbed in his exercise that he will not stop to speak to a friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from well-meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is but natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Lone Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place and asked if the Colonel had passed.

Had the gallant Colonel known that he was followed, and by whom, there would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the Colonel possessed hatred.

On galloped the Colonel, following the stage road, which threaded the old mining camps on Dutch Creek, but suddenly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the young pines and bushes, which grew thickly by the road, while the constable galloped on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects of her stable yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted: "What's up?"

"Business—that's what."

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six footer—emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We haint had a nip since last night, and there ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty. The old gal go back on yer?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, ruefully; "lost every blasted race. 'Twasn't her fault—bless her—she done her level best. Ev'rybody to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a prayin' for yer to turn up with the rocks an' somethin' with more color than spring water. Come on."

The man led the way and Tipsie and the Colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate individuals, who looked appealingly at the Colonel.

"Mack'll tell yer how 't was, fellers," said the Colonel meekly, "while I pocket the mare."

The Colonel was absent but a few moments, but when he returned each of the four was attired with pistol and knife, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"'Taint so late as all that, is it?" inquired the Colonel.

"Better be an hour ahead than a miss in this ere night," said one of the four. "I ain't been so thristy since we came round the horn in '50, an' we run short of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old concern—they will or my name ain't Perkins!"

"Don't count on your chickens 'fore they're hatched, Perky," said one of the crowd, as he adjusted his domino under the rim of his hat. "S'posin' there should be too many for us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!" remonstrated the Colonel. "Nobody ever gets along if they 'low themselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout that. I disremember dzactly how it goes, but I've hern parson Buzzy, down in Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort them sermons wuz agoin' to be to a road agent, though. The time we stopped Slim Mike's stage and he didn't have no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons were a perfect blessing to me—the thorts of 'em cleaned my head as quick as a cocktail. An'—"

"I don't want to dispute Logroller's pious strain," interrupted the Colonel; "but ez it's Old Black that's arrivin' to-day instead of Slim Mike, and ez it's Old Black allers makes his time, hedn't we better vamose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed and the men fled through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about half an hour, Perkins, who was leading, halted and wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt sleeve.

"Fur enough from home now," said he. "Tain't no use bein' a gentleman if yer have to work too hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the Colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em, Logroller 'tend to the driver, Cranks take the boot, and Mack and Perk takes right and left. An' I know its tough—but considerin' how everlastin' eternal hard up we are, I reckon we'll have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, if there's eny aboard—eh, boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire his black domino with a wrinkle or two. "What's the use of women's rights ef they don't ever have a chance of exercis'n 'em? Hevin' their purses borrowed 'ld show 'em the full doctrine in a bran new light."

"Come, come, boys," interrupted the Colonel, "that's the crack of Old Black's whip; pick your bush—quick! All jump when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself near the roadside. The stage came swinging along handsomely; those inside were laughing heartily at something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader when the Colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the passengers all put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the Colonel blandly as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw, 'cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked an' his finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev yer?" asked he of the first passenger who descended from the stage. "Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Just part yer hands behind yer, please—so—that's it." And the unfortunate man's arms were securely tied behind in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for who ever heard of a stage driver having money?

"Boys," said the Colonel, calling his brother agents aside and comparing receipts, "taint much of a haul; but there's only one woman, and she's old enough to to be a feller's grandmother."

"Like enough she'll pan out more than all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of the case of the gold watch. "Just like the low-lived deceitfulness of some folks to hire an old woman to carry their money, so it'd go safer. Mebbe what she's got ain't nothin', to some folks that's got hosses that can win money at races, but—"

The Colonel abruptly ended the conversation, and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Crank's sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the only lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the Colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand while drew open the coach door with the other, "but we're taking up a collection for some deservin' object. We was goin' to make the gentlemen fork over the hull amount, but ez they ain't got enough, we will hev to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt for her pocket-book and raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space.

"Nothin'?" queried Perkins in a whisper, and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the Colonel dreamily, "That is, untie 'em and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the cabin." And the Colonel dashed into the bushes and left his fellows so paralyzed with astonishment that Old Black afterward remarked that if there'd been anybody to attend to the horses he could have cleaned out the hull crowd with his whip.

The passengers, relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his reins as if he had laid them down at the station while the horses were being changed, then cracked his whip and the stage rolled off, while the Colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the astonishment of the road agents as they entered their hut, for there stood the Colonel in a clean white shirt and in a suit of clothing made from the limited spare wardrobes of the other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence, as laying on the table a heavy purse he exclaimed:

"Come, Colonel, business before pleasure, let's divide and scatter. Ef anybody should hear about it, and find our trail, an' ketch the traps in our possession, they might——"

"Divide yerselves," said the Colonel, with abruptness and a great oath, "I don't want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his domino and looking anxiously into the leader's face, "be you sick? Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passengers' pockets."

"It hain't nothin'," replied the Colonel with averted eyes. "I'm goin' to retire from business forever."

"Ain't goin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping a pistol on the table.

"I'm going to make a lead mine of you of you don't take that back!" roared the Colonel, with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went. "I'm agoin' to attend to my own business, and that's enough to keep anybody bizzy. Somebody lend me $50 till I see him agin."

Perkins pressed the money into the Colonel's hand, and within two minutes the Colonel was on Tipsie's back and galloped off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people at Mud Gulch knew the Colonel well and made it a rule not to be surprised at anything he did; but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the principal bar-rooms for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for 20 slugs—only $1,000, when the Colonel had always said there wasn't gold enough on top of ground to buy her—Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the Colonel, after remaining in the barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely trimmed and parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the Colonel made a tour of the stores and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all of the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger nails, and stranger than all he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood in the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stopped, the Challenge hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, upon which all men who bet that the Colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the Colonel heard the constable say:

"Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed you go out of Challenge Hill it come to me that you might be in the road agent business, so I followed you—duty, you know. But when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the country were robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it?"

"It's all right," said the Colonel with a smile. The constable afterwards said that nobody had any idea of how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impetuosity. The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement, the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started and cried:

"Georg!"

And the Colonel jumped in the stage and putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed "Mother!"

Diseases of the Kidneys.

Diseases of the kidneys are of far less frequency than is generally supposed. There is a very general belief that any illness that is accompanied with irregularity of the secretions from the kidneys is ample evidence of disease of these organs. When, however, we understand that the fluid portions of the waste matters from the body are mainly passed out of the system through the urinary passages, and that the quantity and character of these effete matters depend or are influenced by a variety of circumstances, not inconsistent with perfect health, we shall find little cause for anxiety on account of the varied and peculiar appearances of the discharges. Not only is the quantity and appearance of these secretions affected by what we eat and drink, and by extremes of heat and cold, but even more by mental impressions. Any nervous excitement, as fear, anxiety, grief or anger, frequently causes an entire suppression of these secretions for hours. There is a popular dread of what is commonly called "kidney complaint," and when a nervous man is suffering from any ailment that he cannot define, if he can locate a dull pain in the region of the kidneys, and if he notices that the urine is highly colored, and that there is a sediment on the bottom of the vessel in the morning, his worse fears are confirmed, and he is ready to invest in any, or all, of the advertised specifics for kidney diseases. It is not to be wondered at that venders of quack medicines of this sort can procure any number of genuine certificates from well-known and reputable persons, who feel certain that they have been saved from untimely death by these wonderful preparations. I believe that most physicians will agree with me in the opinion that not more than one person in five who seeks medical advice, under the impression that he has kidney disease, has any serious trouble of that sort. Such persons are usually dyspeptics, and treatment appropriate for that disease usually cures the kidney trouble. But kidney diseases are not infrequent, and, when neglected, are likely to have a painful and fatal termination. I should, therefore, regret to have any well-grounded fears set at rest by anything I have written on this subject. It is the duty of every person to promptly seek the best medical advice in all cases of doubt.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Abolition of Petticoats.

It would appear that the doctrines of woman's emancipation from the trammels of feminine dress, promulgated with considerable vigor by strong-minded ladies in the United States, have recently been enthusiastically adopted by an association of German matrons and maidens, which under the significant title of "Clothing League for the Abolition of Petticoats," recently held its first meeting in a concert room of the Brunnestrasse, Berlin. A chairwoman having been duly elected, the proceedings were opened by an eloquent speech setting forth the inconveniences and disadvantages, from a sanitary point of view, of the flowing garments hitherto deemed appropriate wear of civilized females. This discourse pronounced it to be a sacred duty of every member of the association to discard with the utmost promptitude such objectionable raiment, typical of all the disabilities wrongfully ascribed to woman by her oppressor—man—and to assume in its stead "a dualistic covering for the legs, as well as for the arms." This daring programme of action was hailed with acclamations of approval by all save one, a Frau Peters, who courageously stood up for the denounced petticoat, upon the ground that it was far more becoming than trousers to members of the female sex. Her protestating voice, however, was drowned in a storm of indignant clamor, and a resolution embodying the sentiments previously enunciated by an overwhelming majority of the fair leaguers.

Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, is said to have been the author of the phrase "The office seeks the man not the man the office." Add his name to the list of American authors of fiction.

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